

YOUNG FOLKS.

CHRISTOPHER.

This story is about my cat. Aunt Esther says boys shouldn't like cats, and she calls me a girl-boy because I do. But I don't care. I don't like any cat but Christopher.

Christopher is my cat's name—Christopher Columbus. That's because she's always trying to find out about things. I call her Chris for short.

Now I'll tell about her. It's every word true, and I'll leave it to anybody if she isn't pretty smart—for a cat.

Once I was sick. It was in the spring-time, and the birds sang mornings. I could hear them, but I couldn't see them, for they kept the blinds all shut. I don't mean the birds, but mamma and the folks.

It was the measles I had. Sometimes I cried about it, because I couldn't go out and see the birds and everything. And one day in popped Chris, with a yellow-bird in her mouth. She didn't so much as try to eat it. She let it go, and it flew round and round the room like a streak of sunshine.

I forgot to cry, I was so pleased. And Chris sat there, washing her face and watching. And after a while mamma opened the door and let the bird fly away.

Now how did Chris know I wanted to go out and see the birds? I'd like to have you tell me.

That's one thing. When my brother Willie was a little bit of a baby, Chris used to put mice in the cradle, with him.

A good many of them were live ones. Once she put a toad, and that scared Miss Peterkin almost to death. She went to take up Willie, and out hopped the toad. I tell you, she screeched like a good fellow!

But Chris never put things in his cradle unless Willie cried. Wasn't that funny? She rings the door bell just like anybody—Christopher does.

On baking-day she rung it, and mamma took her hands out of the dough and washed them, and put on a clean apron and went to the door; and there was Chris! And mamma was provoked as anything, and said she wouldn't open the door for her again.

A little while afterwards the bell rang, and because Chris wasn't under the stove, mamma was sure it was she. So she didn't go till, pretty soon, the bell rang again.

Then mamma grabbed a curtain-stick and went into the entry and sang out. "If you don't stop ringing that bell, I'll give you a whipping!" And somebody laughed, and mamma opened the door, and there stood the minister!

Mamma told him about Chris ringing the bell, and he said he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for her if she were his cat.

Now mamma opens the door every time. Christopher goes fishing. What do you think of that? I wouldn't believe it, if papa hadn't seen her, himself.

There's a brook runs through our hay-field. It's a little brook and not deep.

One morning when papa was going to his work, he saw Chris sitting on the bank, looking in. She kept twitching her tail faster and faster. Papa stood still and watched.

Pretty soon Chris made a jump, quick as a cat, into the brook. She hardly got her toes wet, but she caught the fish. Papa said it was quite a large one—for such a small brook. And Chris ate it.

I've kept the best for the last; that's the way Aunt Esther does when she has company to supper.

Last winter Christopher saved our house from burning up.

In the night she waked papa, scratching and clawing on the bed. And as soon as papa was awake he smelled smoke. He hopped up and ran out into the sitting-room. The floor was afire all round the stove, but papa put it out.

He said the stove-door must have come open and let some coals out; and most likely the house would have burned if it hadn't been for Christopher.

Wouldn't you think any boy ought to like such a cat?

A LITTLE TALK WITH BOYS.

When I meet you everywhere, boys—in the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting on the most comfortable chair you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor" in speaking of your father, and when he comes in at night you forget to say "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner carrying a parcel you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you you call out "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door you do not lift your cap from your head nor wait a moment until she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, man—and that means every thing strong and brave and noble, and then gentle. And that means full of these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day and I have been happier ever since.

It is easier to lug a heavy shot gun ten hours through an impenetrable swamp than to put up a clothes-line.—Hartford Sunday Journal.

A good many fables begin, "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have been once on a time they are apt to invent fables.

FOR THE BOYS.

"The Army Code of signals has been drawn up with the view of facilitating communication between stationary military posts, between military bodies in motion, and, when at a distance from each other, also for supplying a means of communication by signal between Her Majesty's land and sea forces, when engaged in combined operations, and between coast batteries and Her Majesty's ships."

Following is the Alphabet:— A . . . . . N . . . . . B . . . . . O . . . . . C . . . . . P . . . . . D . . . . . Q . . . . . E . . . . . R . . . . . F . . . . . S . . . . . G . . . . . T . . . . . H . . . . . U . . . . . I . . . . . V . . . . . J . . . . . W . . . . . K . . . . . X . . . . . L . . . . . Y . . . . . M . . . . . Z . . . . . 1 . . . . . 6 . . . . . 2 . . . . . 7 . . . . . 3 . . . . . 8 . . . . . 4 . . . . . 9 . . . . . 5 . . . . . 0 . . . . .

Each point or dot is made by raising the lever or shutter, and without pausing dropping it again. Each dash is made by raising the shutter pausing for about a second and then dropping it again. In other words the time occupied in making a dash is about equal to three dots. First learn the Alphabet thoroughly and then practice short words and sentences. A week's work should make any intelligent boy fairly familiar with it.

SIMPLE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Another and very inexpensive amusement is the practice of experimental chemistry. With your young friends you may have any amount of fun during the winter evenings, besides improving your own mind and acquiring a taste for scientific research.

First, then, we will tell you how to make hydrogen gas—the substance employed for inflating balloons and for burning in street lamps.

Procure an eight ounce bottle into which drop about an ounce of zinc in small pieces. Now fill to within an inch of the neck with water. Next take the stem of a common clay pipe and bind it round with string until it fits tightly into the neck of the bottle. When this is ready fill the bottle to within half an inch of the neck with oil of vitriol, replace the cork and await results. In a few moments, bubbles of air will rise from the zinc and in a few minutes a peculiar smell will be noticed coming from the pipe stem. Wait a few minutes for the gas to expel what little air remains in the bottle, otherwise you will have an explosion. Then apply a match to the pipe stem. The gas will burn with a pale blue flame until the acid or zinc is exhausted.

INK AND WATER TRICK.

Procure from the drug store half an ounce sulphate of iron, pulverized; one drachm tannin and half an ounce of oxalic acid pulverized. Have each ingredient placed in a packet by itself and number them one, two and three, beginning with the sulphate of iron. Now take two decanters (preferably different shapes, so as to avoid suspicion of changing) and fill them both with water. Introduce into one of them a small portion of No. 1 powder and the same of No. 2. This will form a black compound resembling ink. Into the other put another portion of No. 1 only, and shake till dissolved. This liquid will be clear like water. Now wrap up a pinch of No. 3 and the same of No. 2, each in a small piece of blotting paper (different colors, so as to prevent mistake), and conceal these in the palm of your hand. You are now ready for the trick. Step among the audience and explain that you have two bottles, one containing ink and the other water. This they may see for themselves. Now place the ink bottle at one end of the room, cover with a borrowed handkerchief, and while doing so, contrive to slip in the blotting paper containing No. 3. Shake well, and let it stand covered. Go to the other end of the room and do the same with the "water" bottle, slipping in No. 2 packet. On removing the cover, chemical action will have taken place in the bottle, and the two liquids will appear to have changed places, the ink bottle containing water and the water one ink. It is well to practice this trick several times in private before showing to an audience.

Another New Repeater.

Herr Joseph Schulhof, the inventor of a new repeating rifle which was tried recently at Enfield, leaves for England to-night for some final experiments with his rifle, which he believes may be adopted by the British Government. The rifle was introduced to the notice of Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill while they were in Vienna, and Herr Schulhof was subsequently invited to go to England. The experiments at Enfield were judged to be most satisfactory, but some modifications were suggested in the calibre of the cartridge, and these have now been effected.

I saw the rifle tried this morning, and to an unprofessional eye it certainly looks as if it could not be excelled for simplicity and effectiveness. Without describing its mechanism, it may be said that it combines the two requisites essential for such weapons, for it can be used as an ordinary rifle as well as a repeater. The receptacle for the repeating action holds ten cartridges, which can be poured in with one turn of the hand from a cardboard case.

THE LOADING OF THE REPEATER

can be done in four movements, the fourth being the turn of a lever which stops the repeating action. The loading for single-shot firing is done in three movements, and the action for re-loading throws out the empty cartridge-case. Single shots are fired by a trigger, while the repeating action is worked by a knob handle. All the mechanism of the breech can be taken to pieces without the use of a screw driver.

The cartridges, which are shaped like small claret bottles, are of 7 1/2 millimetres diameter, instead of 11 millimetres, as in the Martini-Henry. The weight of 130 of them equals that of 70 of the Martini-Henry cartridges, which is the charge usually carried by a soldier. The rifle is to cost 60£., which is about 15s less than the Martini-Henry.—Vienna Despatch to the London Times.

Not long ago a house was burned down in consequence of sprinkling paraffin freely about to kill moths. The moths were killed.

FARM.

CONVERTING STRAW INTO MANURE.

In the West the object is to feed one-third of the straw-stack, and convert the balance into manure as rapidly as possible. The straw trampled under foot by the cattle will not thoroughly rot within a year if left to itself. To rot and fine it, it must be stirred about, and the swine can be made to do this work. If the hogs are fed on the straw once a week they will move the entire mass, unless quite deep, rooting after stray grains. If their noses do not get to the bottom of the heap, sharpen a heavy stake and prod it through the straw; then withdraw it and drop shelled corn or oats into the hole. In this way a hole can be made every few feet over the pile, and the hogs will turn the manure thoroughly. A hog's snout is a very cheap and effective manure hook. The hogs must not be allowed to lie on the rotting straw, as this is almost sure to produce disease among them. They become too warm, and then when they come into the open air they contract colds, catarrhal or pulmonary diseases. If the hogs are used as above recommended, straw can be converted into well rotted and fined manure within six months; and if the straw-stack is put on level ground, not much will be lost during this rapid conversion. When from twelve to eighteen months are required for the rotting of the manure (and this time will be required when deep masses are not disturbed), and the straw is on a side hill, not a little of the value of the manure is lost by being washed down hill.

A MATTER FOR THOUGHT.—ROADS.

How to get good roads may well be discussed by farmers' clubs during the winter, and should be thought about by every farmer. How important this matter is, is shown by the following statement made by Mr. Rudolph Hering: A load which one horse can draw on level iron rails will require, on smooth, level asphalt road, one and two-third horses; on bad Belgian pavement, three and one-eighth horses; on good cobble-stone road, seven horses; on bad cobble stone road, twenty horses; on ordinary earth road, thirty horses; on sand road, forty horses.

Good roads not only save horseflesh, but vehicles. Take what are ordinarily called "good roads" and "bad roads," and a vehicle used on the first only will last twice as long, at least, as one used on the latter only. No one can doubt that country roads would be fifty per cent. better than they now are, if the labor and money put upon them were properly applied. How to have that work and money properly applied is the matter to be discussed now, that the best methods may be ready for adoption when the season for road-making comes. Whether or not the road-bed should be only surface-drained, or underdrained with tile, or by putting in a corduroy foundation; whether or not gravel or plank should be used; how best to use gravel, or plank, or tile—these are points to be decided before spring. The farmers' club should also discuss specifically the repair of each highway in the neighborhood. This will lead, among other things, to an understanding whether or not it will be proper to shorten a highway by straightening it; whether a road that now goes around a hill should be carried over it by grading down the hill, or whether making a road longer by carrying it around a hill will be compensated for by the less trade; how to keep weeds from growing in the highways, to seed the adjacent land, and many other points which, thus being settled, would greatly add to the improvement of the roads.

READING FOR FARMERS BOYS.

The character of a person is developed largely by his reading, if he reads at all. If he has an aptitude in any special direction, quite naturally his reading will be of the kind most suited to his peculiar bent of mind. Every parent should study the characteristics of his children, and help them to such reading as will most practically assist them in developing their capabilities. The farmer should put before such of his boys as are inclined to work on the farm, good local newspapers—not those with theories which he knows to be impracticable, but common-sense papers which are edited from a practical standpoint and are for practical men. The boy who reads such a paper will become interested in it, because it treats of the work and the daily life going on about him—the work and the life he knows most about. Whenever he reads of new methods of doing things he will compare them with the method with which he is familiar, and the best method is the one he will follow, be it the new or the old. The paper will sow seed for thought in his mind, and what a boy needs, is to be set to thinking. He does not require to have his ideas thought out for him by some one else, if you encourage him to be his own thinker. A good paper, which deals with the problems most familiar to him, is the best stimulus for thought. There are many things to be learned from such a paper thus doing away with the necessity for experiment and personal experience, shortening the road to that general knowledge to which the farmer should attain. It is not necessary to do everything yourself in order to know how, or when, or why, to do it.

CALVES AND COWS.—Henry Stewart, the great authority on cattle, believes that a calf should never be permitted to suck the cow. This enforced habit changes in time the disposition of young cows, which never have suckled a calf and never have been nursed by a dam themselves. They never hold up their milk, and are rarely troubled with garget, or have the common vices of cows which grow out of their natural affection for the calf after they have been habituated to its company and have nursed it. My practice has always been to remove the calf as soon as it is dropped, watching the cow until she has been safely delivered. The calf is taken to a pen provided for it at a distance from the cow stable, where it is out of sight and hearing. The calf is rubbed dry, and is comfortably bedded in this sheltered pen. The cow is tied in the stable, given a mess of warm bran and linseed meal sop, and is milked. The milk is then given to the calf, which is taught to drink it by giving it two fingers, separated about an inch, through which the milk is easily sucked. Three meals a day are given. This is continued until the fourth day, when the milk is fit for use in the dairy. After this, skimmed milk, warmed to 90 degrees, is given three times a day, and no more than three quarts to a meal during the first month. The calves are kept alone; a small bundle of clean, fine hay may be hung to the pen,

and they will soon begin to eat it. By perseverance in thus weaning the calf, not only from its dam, but from its natural inclination to suck, much future trouble will be avoided."

WARMING POULTRY FOOD.—Experienced poultry breeders appreciate the importance of warming the food given to the poultry during the cold weather, but many farmers as well as novices do not seem to, as they do not practice it. Our method is to warm all the food, whether mixed or cracked or fed whole. In feeding whole corn, warm it thoroughly in the oven, nearly parching it, and then let it cool off sufficiently to admit of the fowls eating it without discomfort. The cooked food which is fed from time to time should be given warm, and, when necessary, warmed over from time to time. It is surprising what a difference warm food will make in the supply of eggs during the continuance of cold weather, and especially so if the fowls are well sheltered and properly cared for otherwise. There is even more in the care and food than there is in the mere breed, and if this fact were borne in mind there would be less dissatisfaction with the results from the poultry in winter. It will take but a few minutes to do this warming of the feed before each feeding time, and it is time well spent, and it repays manyfold for the trouble.

DECORATING NURSERY WALLS.—An ingenious way of decorating nursery walls and which gave eminent satisfaction to the children was devised by a thoughtful mother. She made panels of unbleached cotton a yard long by eighteen inches in width, and mounted them upon tailor's paper, finishing them upon round sticks at either end. On these panels she pasted colored pictures, or prints which she painted, and bordered the panels with gold paper. These were hung up about the room and changed from time to time. Whenever it was possible verses or descriptive texts were appended. The children were devoted to their panels and often asked for a special selection to be hung. As there was a goodly number of these decorations, the change could be made as frequently as desired.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Railroading across the Rockies—Natural Obstacles, and How They are Overcome.—A Brantford Firm's Contributions to the Work.

The Waterous Company, of Brantford, have received the following interesting letter:—

Ross Saw Mill, Duggan's Siding, B. C. C. H. Waterous, Jr., Waterous Eng. W. Co., Brantford.

Dear Sir,—As I have now finished here cutting with the mill, I thought that you would be pleased to know how it worked and what amount this mill is able to cut when run with proper care. As it is the first of this particular style of mill, 25 H. P. portable, you have sent to the Rockies, and as I have kept an account of all expenses of running this mill and the amount it cut, I am able to give you a correct statement of what it cost to handle lumber in this part. Any of your customers may rely upon the truth of my statements. As you are aware, I left Brantford on the 26th May, the mill being shipped at the same time. I arrived at the Canadian Pacific Railway. The mill arrived on the 12th and on the 21st we started to saw, and by the 8th of November we had cut 3,500,800 feet. The last month's cutting was the largest, amounting to 817,000 feet. These are the figures of the measurer employed by the C. P. R., and are correct, making an average of 31,423 feet per day of not more than 13 1/2 running hours per day. This was all cut into inch boards and 3 and 4 inch planks, and all sized to 8, 10, 12, and 14 wide. All the cutting and edging had to be done with the large saw as we had no edger. The timber was spruce, pine, fir, cedar, and hemlock. I see in some of your circulars that you give the amount of what has been cut per hour and per day, but I thought it would be more satisfactory to you and to your customers to know what such a mill could do in the season, and you may rely upon this statement as being absolutely correct. During this time, the expenses for repairs only amounted to \$1.50, viz., for one bolt in friction lever, 1 bolt in saw lever, and repairs on timber gauge. This mill was never stopped one working hour during the whole season. The new perl dogs are a complete success, they are quick and sure to hold every time. I am satisfied that there need be no trouble or delay in running these mills if they are properly looked after. There was no extra chance to make this mill run any better than any other. The men were all picked up as they came along. The only man that had any experience in a mill was the sawyer. I filed the saws myself and kept all other things right. It might be interesting for you to know how much timber it takes to build one of these snow-slide sheds per mile. It takes over 6,461,800 ft. of timber and 62,080 bolts 36 in. long, and 200,000 spikes 10 in. long. I do not refer above to the ordinary snow sheds such as used on the Intercolonial Railway, these are used here also where snow is likely to drift in, but in speaking above I refer to what might more properly be called snow-slides. They are built at a point where snow-slides are apt to occur always in the face of steep and high mountains. One side (the high side of the shed) is built up into the side of the mountain and has a slant over the track something like a shed roof. They are wonderfully strong and you may be sure none too much so as the accumulated snow of many years may start from the top of these lofty hills and come thundering down in masses 50 to 100 or 200 feet thick, with a force that nothing can resist unless it is the mountain on the other side of the valley from which the slide takes place. The snow in passing down slides over the top of the snow slide and passes on down into the valley and on up, may be several hundred feet up, the side of the mountain opposite. One can imagine what would be the result of such a slide striking a passing train. Certainly nothing but pieces of the smashed up wreck, that would be unrecognizable, would ever be found. Near where I am one of these slides happened. The snow came down the mountain in a body estimated to be 175 feet thick. It struck the track and carried it bodily down the mountain to the valley across the river that flowed through the valley, and up the opposite side to about the same height. It was there the railway track was found after the snow melted. Some cars were wrecked at the same time, and were never found, probably the remains were carried down by the melting snow to the Columbia

River, and then out to the Pacific Ocean. The location here is a very beautiful one. A photographer who is out among the mountains taking views for the Canadian Pacific, came along one day and took a picture of the mill, and I send you one which will give you a very fair idea of what the place looks like. The mountain that you see to the left is over 5,000 feet high from the railway track. The white spot between the higher and lower peak is snow, and lies in that hollow place all the year around, and that snow is supposed to be 250 feet deep, and is a glacier, it is full of numerous cracks. The men have dropped lines down some of these cracks for over 100 feet without reaching the bottom. The sharp high peak seen on the picture is rough and rugged and difficult to climb. There was a rain cloud floated up against this peak once and burst, letting out a flood of water that brought everything down the mountain with it. Enormous rocks and trees were apparently no obstruction whatever. The course of the water made a clear sweep, and its track is easily seen yet. As it came down the rocks and trees that it bore up would sometimes lodge in narrow places on the sides of the mountain and be piled up 150 or 200 feet high, but the weight of water behind would soon be so great that the dam would give way, and down would come the water again, and rocks, trees, etc., and so kept on until it reached the river, which was raised by this flood until the water stood 20 feet over the track. This cloud-burst did a great deal towards preparing the mill site. Level places large enough to build a mill on are hard to get up here in the mountains. There are some very interesting things up there, and one need not get very lonesome if he has any taste for curious nature. A little way from the mill are soda springs and hot springs, so you can have both, a plain soda and a hot bath, one or both, as you choose, and no thanks to anyone. Soda plain, however. No liquor is allowed up here, which is a good thing, where so many and such different kinds of men are employed away from all law and order.

I have been up the Roumanian, Bulgarian and Thuringian mountains, but the mountains here, I think, are much grander. It is not possible to picture them. However, as you have been on the Andes and Alps, you can think back a few years to the time we were in Santiago, Chili (I now see by the papers you are the Hon. Vice-Consul of that progressive republic), and used together take a walk to the top of Santa Lucia and look off to the snow-capped Andes, it will give you an idea of this place. Only I am here in the very midst of them; then we were at a distance. Should you or any of the Brantford people be taking a trip over the Canada Pacific to British Columbia they can remember when passing through these sheds that Brantford saw mills with Brantford brains and muscle cut the six million or more feet of lumber that is required to build each mill. For this is not the only one of your mills here; there are a number of them, and I can tell you it does me good to know that no other mill, American or Canadian (and there are a good many, especially of the former, scattered around the mountains) have done as much or as good work as our own mills. I naturally feel a pride in the old shop and what it does. I have been with you now some 30 years, and there are still at work men who commenced before I did, and I want you to let them know what this mill has done up here, for I know they will be glad to hear from it, and that their work is a success. As I am writing, my mind turns back to a time when we were having one of our annual shop picnics about the time the Canada Pacific was first being talked about. Mr. Robertson, of the Bank of British North America, was making a few remarks and spoke about the great railway, and said it was sure to be built, and would carry from ocean to ocean the Brantford saw-mills. We have seen that now all come to pass, and that his forecast of the future was correct. I have seen the Brantford saw-mills go ahead and cut the timber to build the railway bed, the station, and the fences, and now we have turned back and are cutting the timber and plank to cover the road where it is necessary to protect it from the snow. I have made this letter too long, but there is so much here to be seen and to write about when you start to write you do not know when to stop. But I know you take an interest in such things as are to be seen here. And I would say come along and see for yourself, and I am sure you will be well satisfied and paid for your trip. With no more at present, I am, your old fellow-traveller,

JOHN LYLE.

Mr. Lyle enclosed to the company at the same time the following letter from the proprietors of the mill, which speaks for itself:—

NOVEMBER 10th, 1886. WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, ONTARIO. Dear Sir,—We got good satisfaction from the little 25 Horse Power Saw Mill we got from you in the Spring. She has cut 3,500,000 ft. in four months and fourteen days. We call this a little the best work we ever knew for the power. Yours truly, (Signed) McDERMID & ROSS.

Move On!

By KORA LAUGHIER, TORONTO.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and the happy bells Rang out o'er the glistening snow, And the north wind blew the golden curls Which fell o'er a forehead low; And the flickering lamps lit up a face So haggard and pinched and white. And childish, pleading tones were heard By the passers of the night: "Oh, I am so cold and hungry, sir, My mother is dead and gone!" But a voice, so harsh and deep, replied "Move on!"—The child moved on.

Wearily she pass'd the joyous crowd, Heart-broken, alone, forlorn, No one to pity the orphan wail, They heeded her rage with scorn. On through the pitiless blast of hail, 'Twas the drifting, blinding snow, While tears fell from the Heaven rail'd eyes "Oh, mother, where shall I go?" But as if in answer to the call Of that homeless, little one, The dreaded voice again she heard, "Move on!" it said, "Move on!"

The gay Christmas bells rang out "Move on!" As she pass'd by homes of state, The baby's lips echoed "Move on!" As she neared a churchyard gate, "Oh, mother where shall I go?" she cried, Clasp'd a grave in the snow, "I am so sleepy and cold and sad, There's nowhere for me to go!" Then her voice in murmur died away Her spirit to Heaven had gone, Borne heavenward by angelic wings Where no harsh voice says "Move on!"

An exhibition of telephony is to be held in Brussels next month under the auspices of the Societe Belge des Industries. It will be international and will embrace all manner of apparatus for the transmission of the voice to a distance.